

MASTERS

A SERIES OF
MONOGRAPHS

PART I. JAPANESE

Masters In Art

Masters In Art

Vol. 2

January-December

1901

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MASTERS IN ART

A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED
MONOGRAPHS: ISSUED MONTHLY

PART 1

JANUARY, 1901

VOLUME 2

Peter Paul Rubens 8

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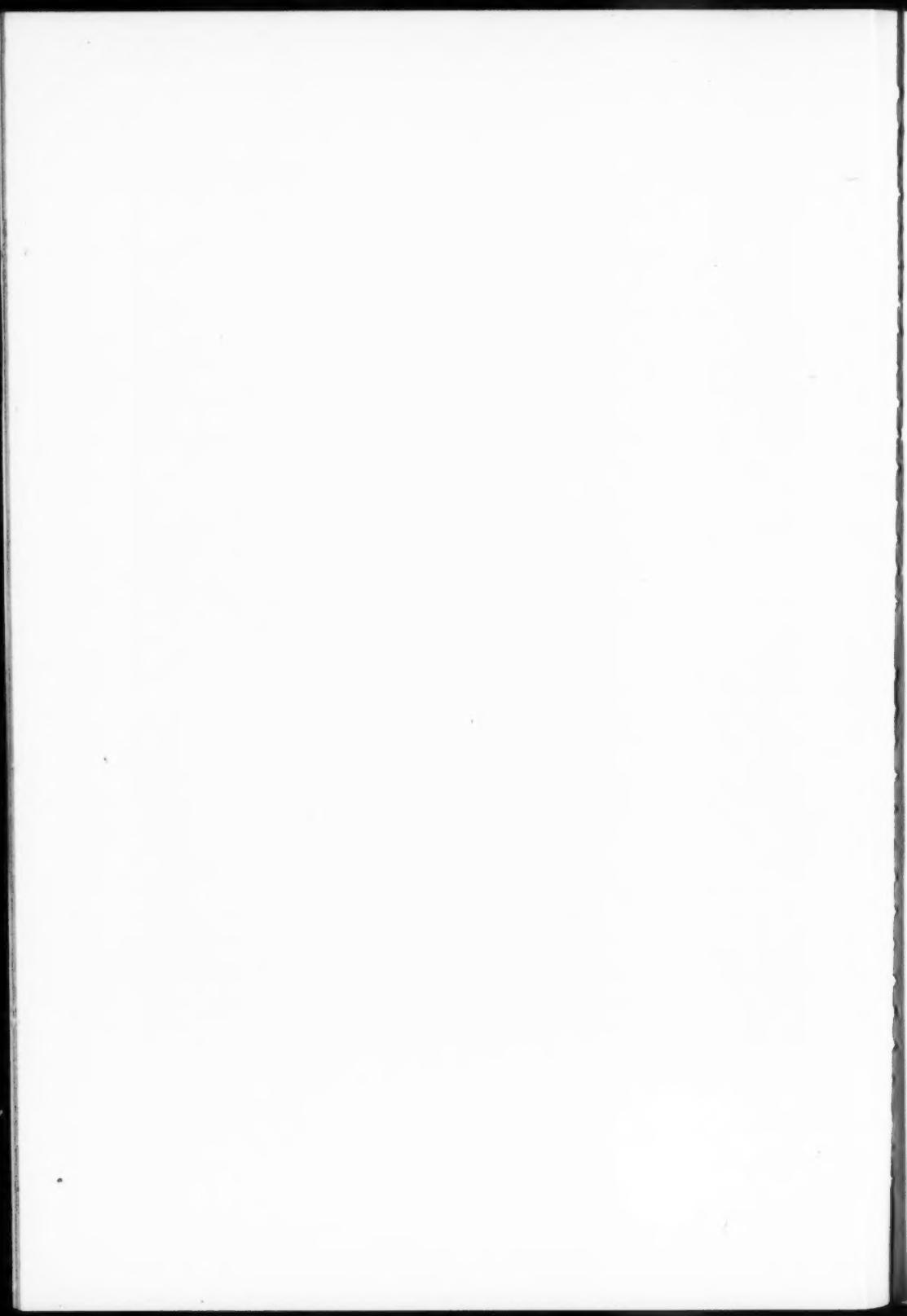
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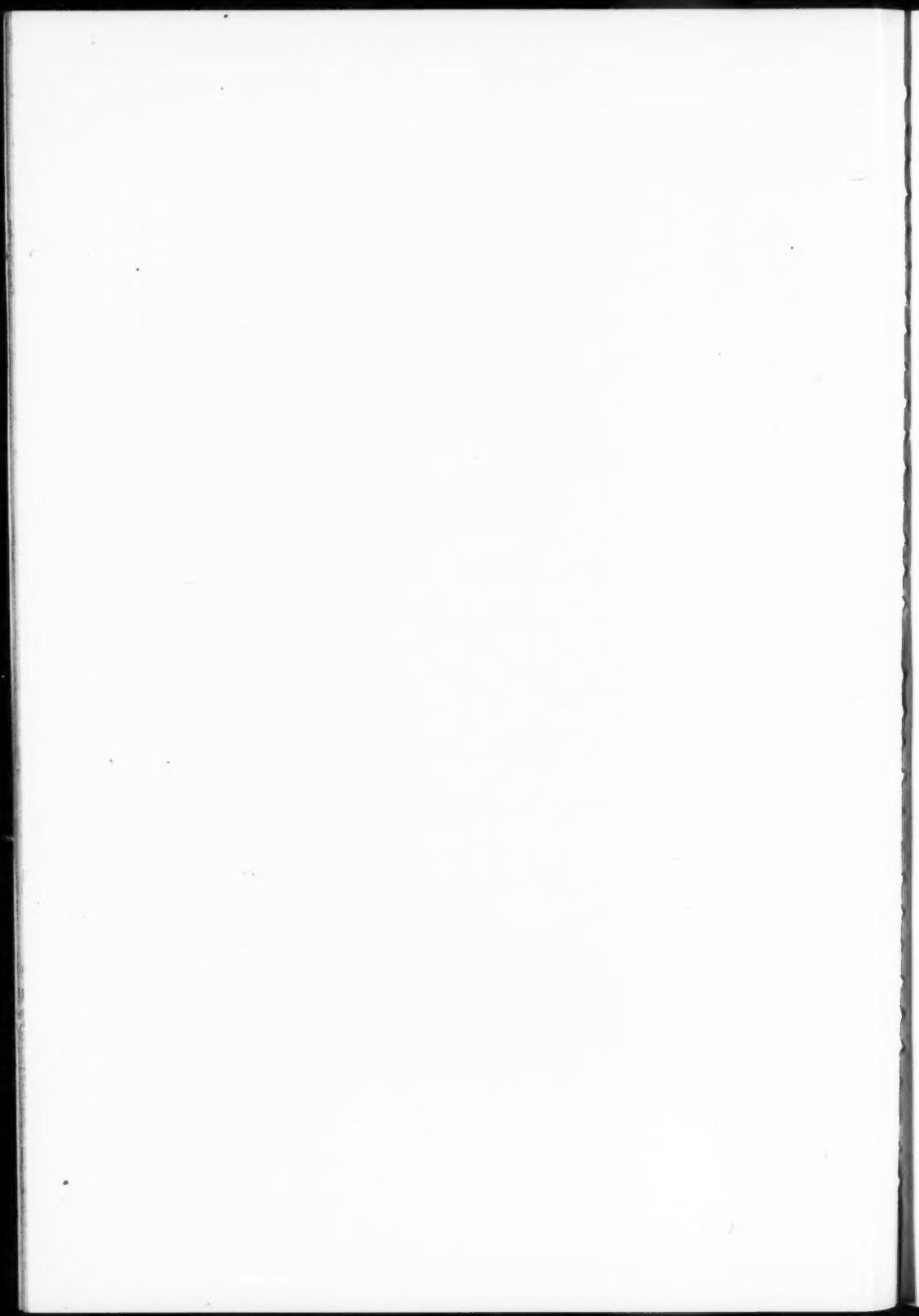


MASTERS IN ART, PLATE I
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RUBENS
DESCENT FROM THE CROSS
ANTWERP CATHEDRAL



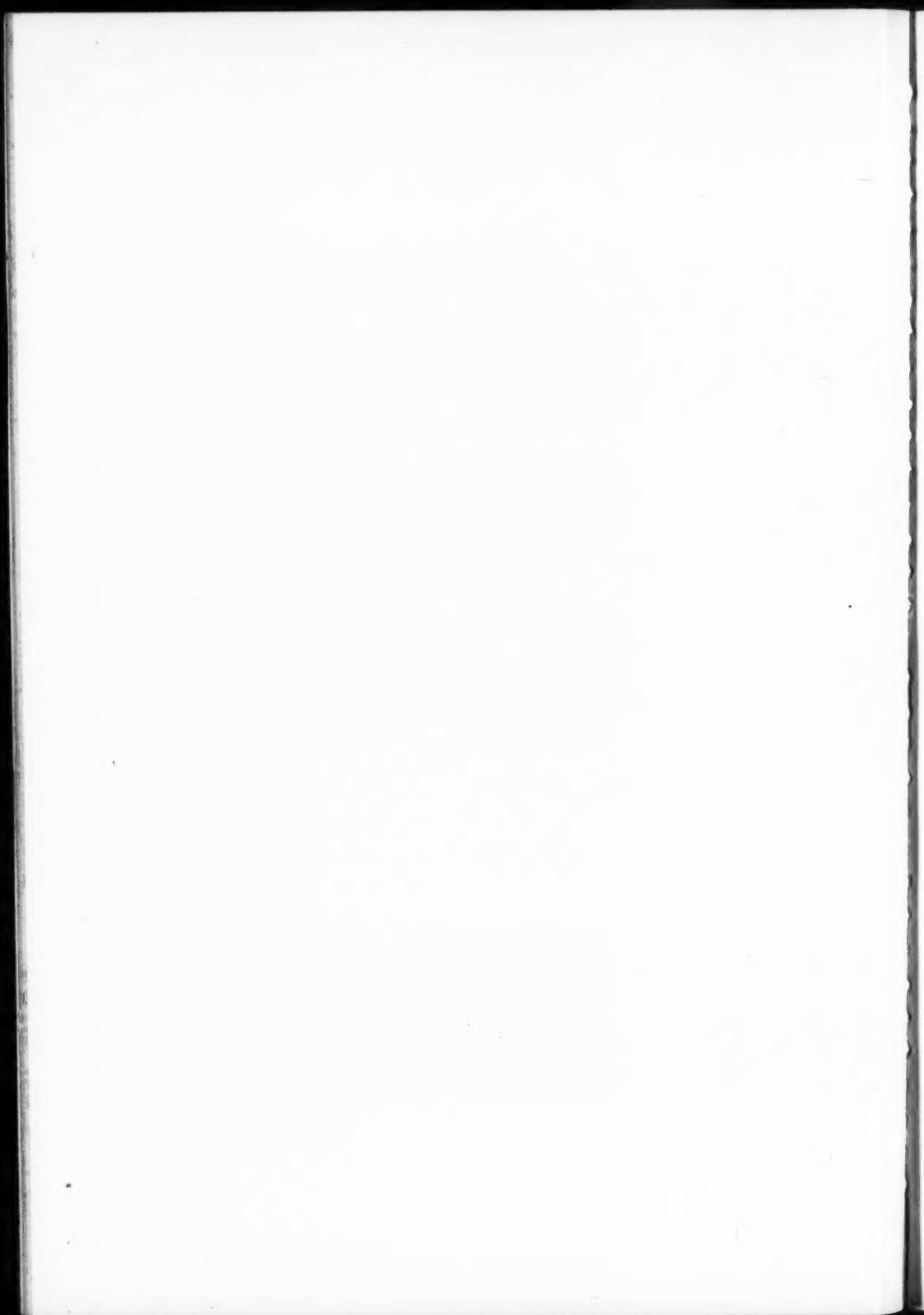






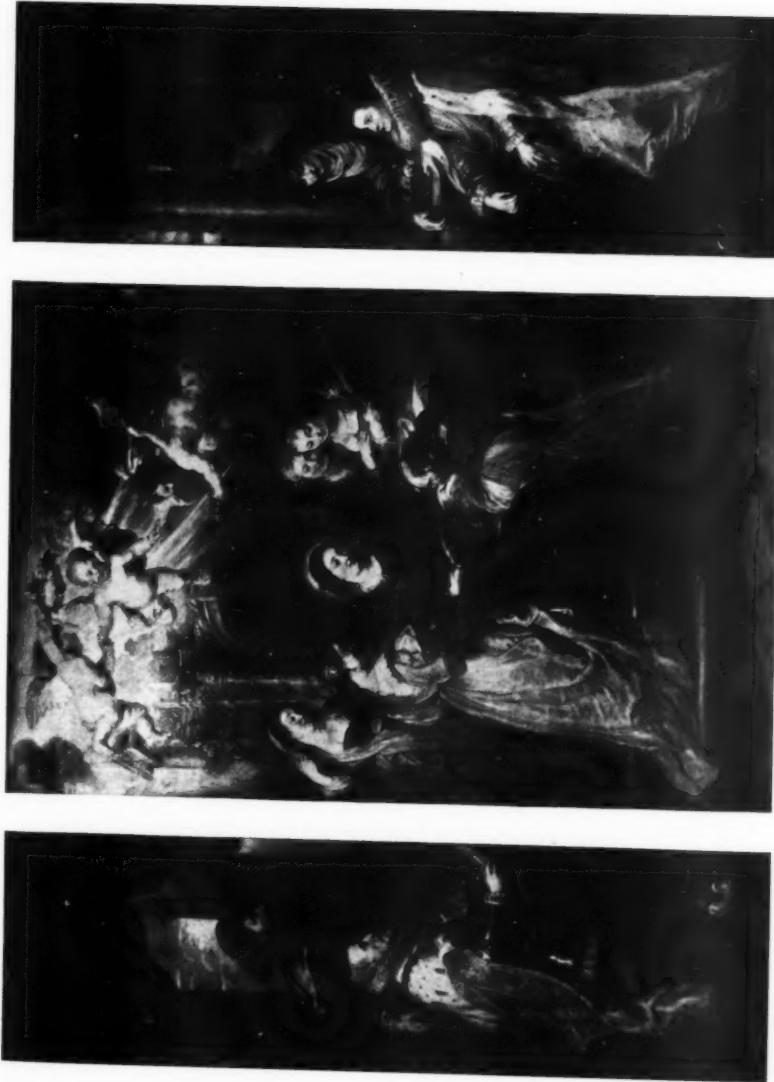
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANFSTAENGL

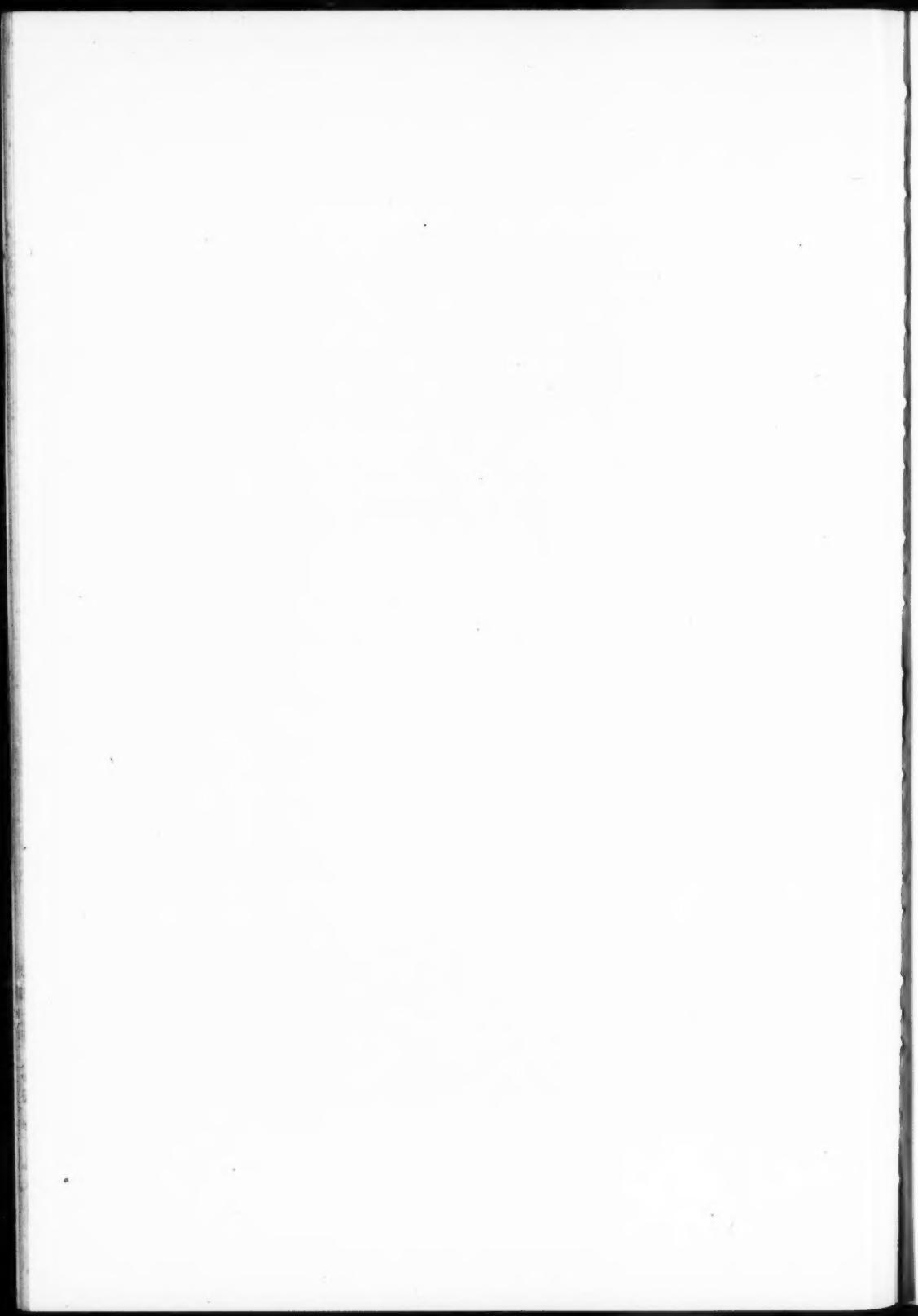
RUBENS
RUBENS' SONS
LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY, VIENNA



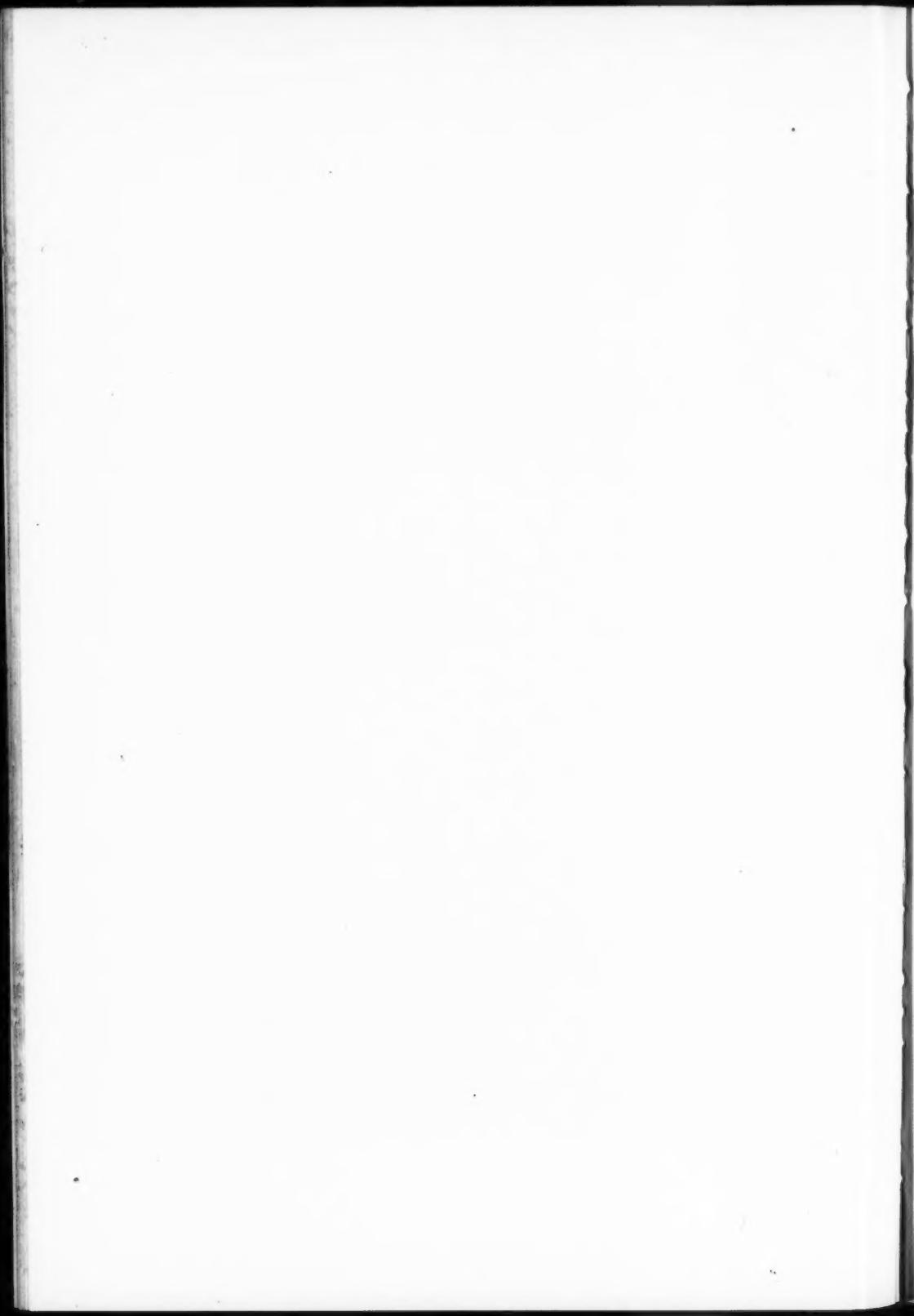
MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREAS GÖTTSCHE LOWE

RUTHENS
ST. EDEONED RECEIVING A CHASUBLE FROM THE VIRGIN
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA





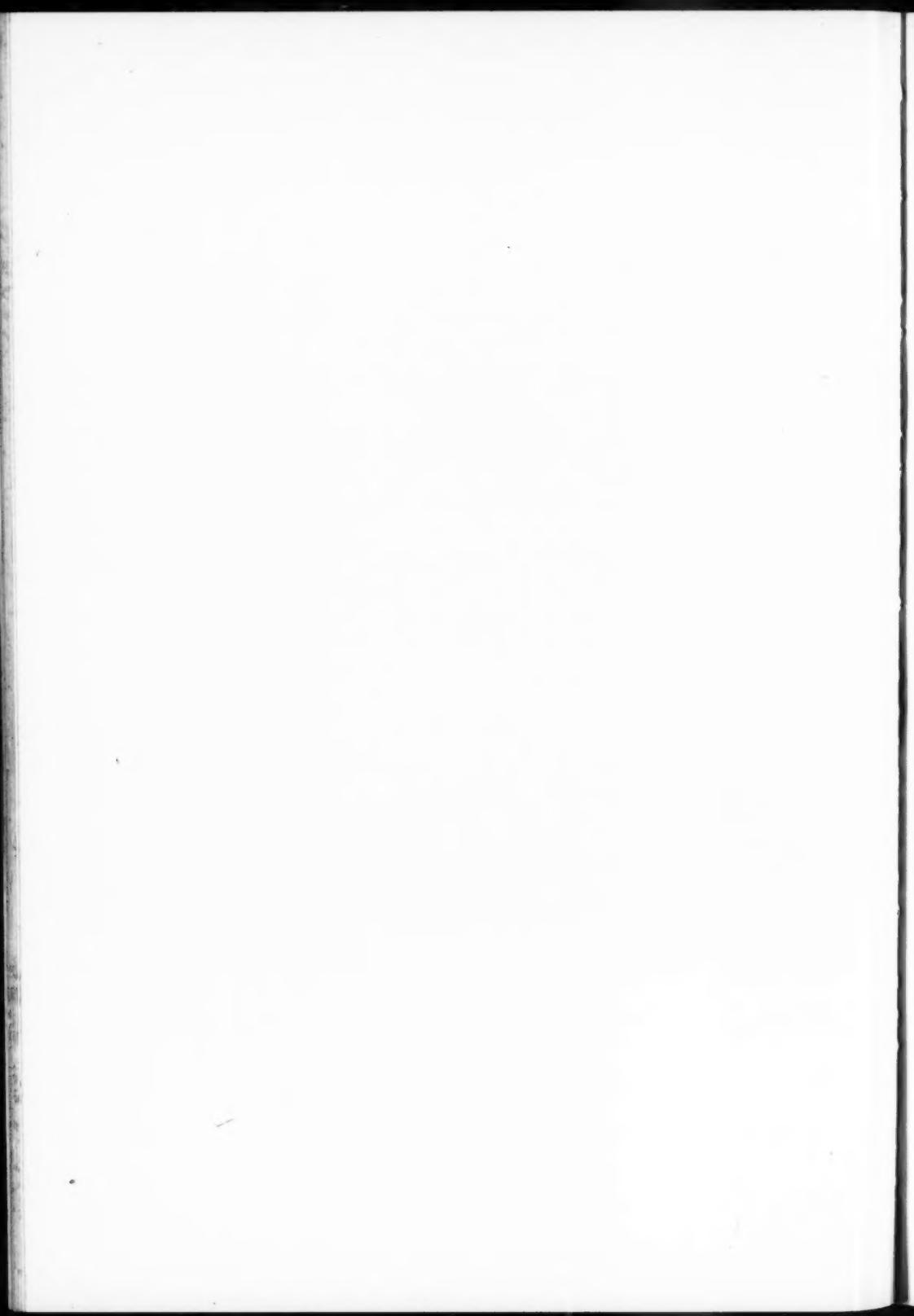




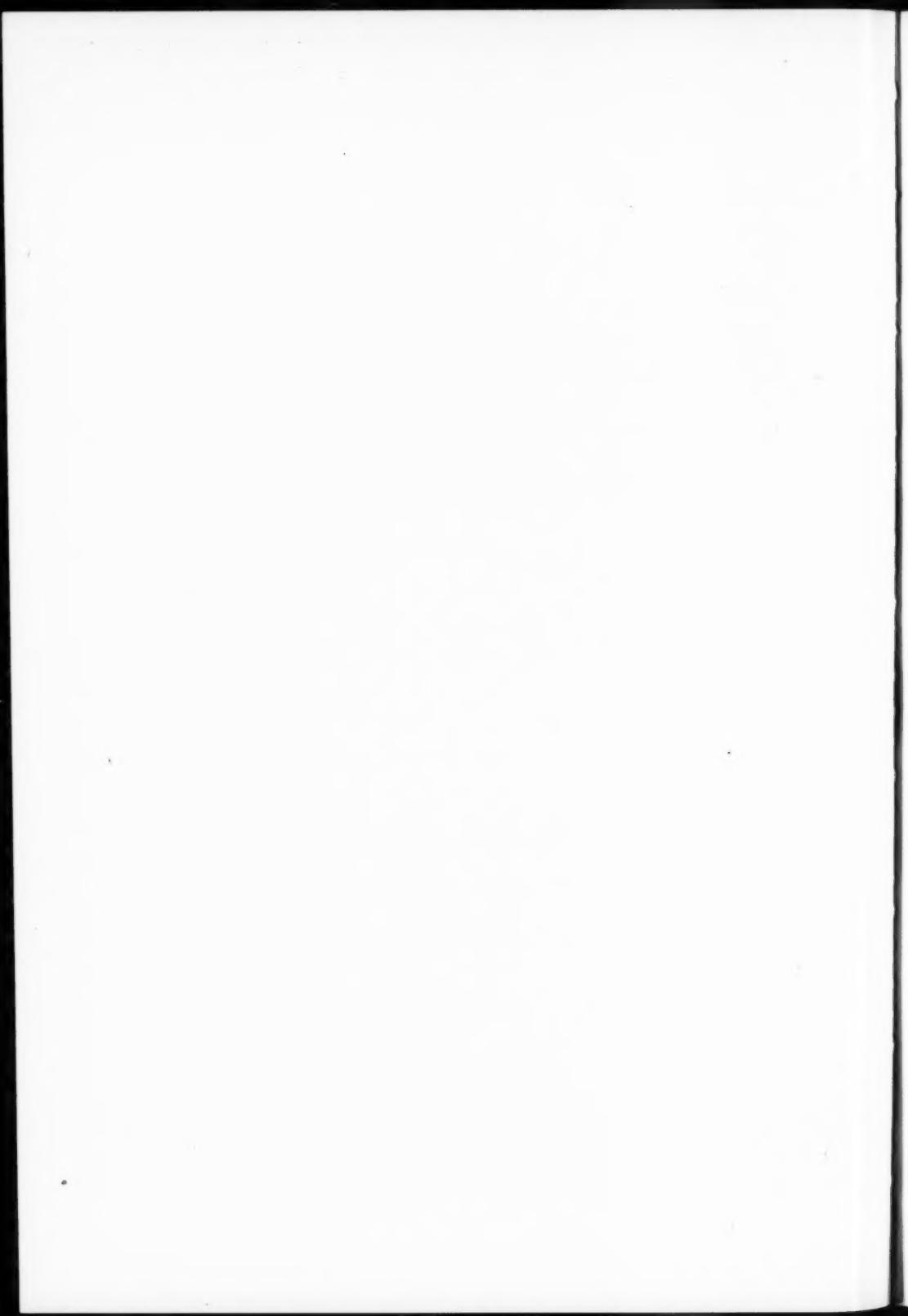


MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANS STANG.

2
RUBENS
CHILDREN WITH A GARLAND OF FRUIT
MUNICH GALLERY



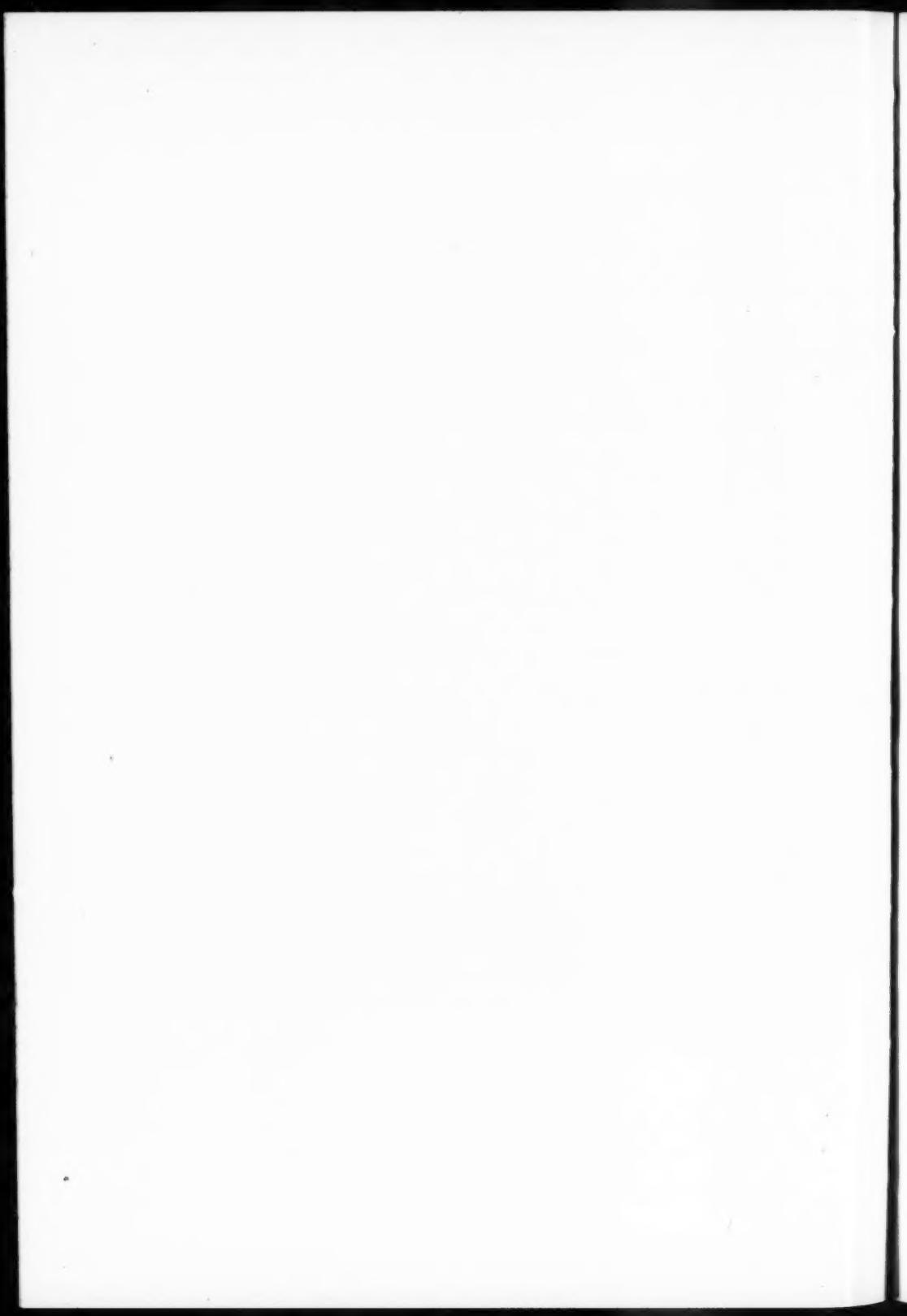






MASTERPIECE IN ART: PLATE VIII
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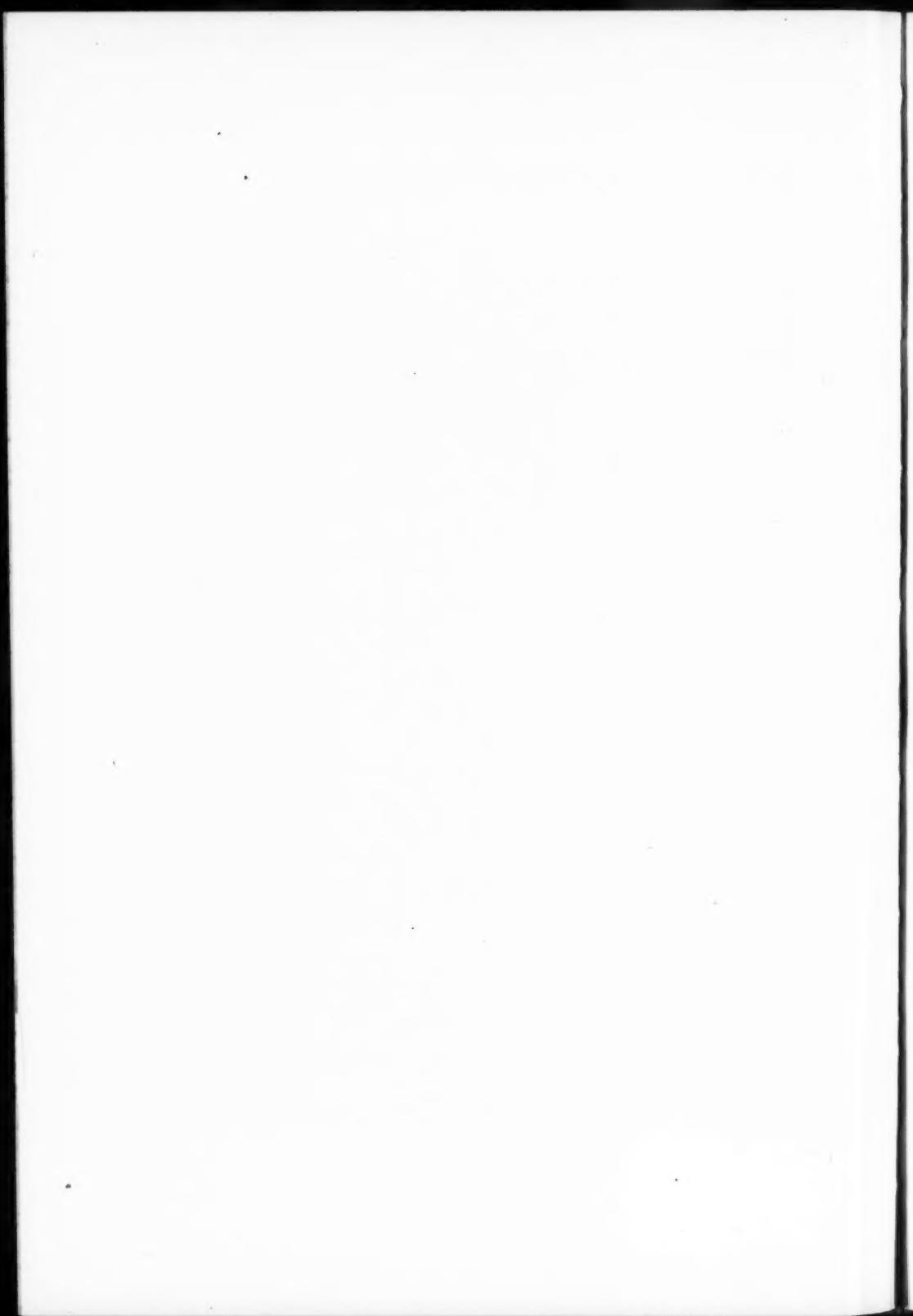
RUBENS
CORONATION OF MARIE DE' MEDICIS
LOUVRE, PARIS





MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

RUBENS
EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA





MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANS STARNER.

RUTHENS
A LION HUNT
MUNICH GALLERY



PORTRAIT OF RUBENS BY HIMSELF (DETAIL) IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

Rubens has left us no more interesting portrait of himself than this, which shows him at the age of over sixty years. He is here no longer the brilliant cavalier of the Windsor, Aix, and Florence portraits — the face is thinner and paler, and the eyes are weary; but it is the face of one who has known the taste of perhaps as great a share of unalloyed worldly honor and glory as ever fell to the lot of man, and who now smitten with an incurable malady waits calmly for the end.

Peter Paul Rubens

BORN 1577: DIED 1640
FLEMISH SCHOOL

ROGER DE PILES

‘LA VIE DE RUBENS’ [1681]

THE father of Peter Paul Rubens was John Rubens, of the city of Antwerp. Noble by his birth, and possessed both of a high character and of profound learning, John Rubens had spent six years in the different states of Italy to form his taste and to reinforce his judgment, and was named a doctor, in both civil and canon law, by the University of Padua. He thereafter returned into his native Flanders, where he served worthily as councillor and alderman in Antwerp; and for six years continued with honor in this public employment. Upon the outbreak of the civil war, however, he was obliged to quit his fatherland, from which he had highly deserved because of his wise administration, and took up his residence at Cologne, which he chose because of his preference for a quiet and retired life.

It was therefore in Cologne,¹ in 1577, that Peter Paul Rubens was born, and there that he laid the foundations of his education; and it is related that he showed such application and parts, that, in a short space of time, he surpassed all his companions. He was therefore far advanced, and able to accomplish more than is usual at his age, when his father’s death, in 1587, obliged his mother to return to Antwerp, where Rubens finished his course of study.

Immediately after leaving the Jesuit college where he had been trained up, his mother put him under the protection of the Dowager-Countess of La-laing, and he became one of her pages; but apparently the boy found himself unsuited to this mode of life, for he remained in the service of the countess but a short time, seemingly unable to resist the impulse of his proper genius, which drew him towards the practice of art. He therefore obtained permission from his mother (who, be it said, had lost the greater part of the family fortune through the hazards of war) that he should be apprenticed to one Adam van Noort, a celebrated painter of Antwerp.² With this artist he spent some years in learning the rudiments of his art; and such was his precocity that it

¹ According to more modern authorities, Rubens was born at Siegen, in Westphalia, a small town about fifty miles from Cologne, on June 29, 1577, the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, whence his given names.

² He was probably previously apprenticed for a brief period to Tobias Verhaeght.

was easy to be perceived that the intention of Nature in bringing him into this world was that he should become a great painter.

After leaving the studio of Van Noort, he spent four years as a pupil of Otho Voenius, painter to the Archduke Albert, and at that time considered the Apelles of the Flemish nation. Under this preceptor Rubens made rapid advancement; and his reputation soon became so great and so widespread that it was doubtful which was the master and which the pupil. Thereupon, feeling that he had no more to learn from Voenius, Rubens resolved to journey into Italy, that he might there study the productions of the ancients and of modern artists. He accordingly left Flanders on the ninth of May, 1600, at the age of twenty-three.

Arrived in Venice, he by chance took lodgings in the same house with a gentleman of the suite of the Duke of Mantua; and this gentleman, having seen some of Rubens' works, brought the Duke of Mantua to see them. The duke, who was a passionate lover of all the fine arts, and in especial of the art of painting, was much taken with Rubens, promised him his friendship, and urged him, with all the arguments of which he was master, to enter his service. Rubens accepted this offer with the utmost willingness, being especially delighted with the opportunity for study which such a post afforded; and during the whole time that he remained in this service he received so many kindnesses from the duke that he gloried in the title of being his servitor.

After having remained with this prince for a considerable time, Rubens departed for Rome, where he painted three pictures in the church of Santa Croce. A short time after this he was despatched by the Duke of Mantua with the present of a splendid coach and seven horses of unusual beauty to the King of Spain. Hardly had he returned from this mission when he undertook another journey to Venice, with the intention of studying minutely and at leisure the works of art there; and in truth, as is evidenced by his work thereafter, he did draw from the masterpieces of Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto all the profit which any man whosoever could have drawn from them.

When Rubens had remained eight years in Italy the news of a dangerous sickness to which his mother had succumbed obliged him, in 1608, to return into Flanders; but although he made the journey in the utmost haste, he found her already dead when he arrived.

The fame of his knowledge and qualities had preceded his arrival in his native country. The Archduke Albert and his wife Isabella, governors of the Spanish Netherlands, desired that he should paint their portraits; and fearing that he would again repair into Italy, they made him their Painter in Ordinary, and engaged him by a pension and by all other honorable persuasions to remain near their persons, and did all that they could to persuade him to reside at the court in Brussels. Although he resisted their requests with great difficulty, he nevertheless finally obtained permission from them to establish his residence and usual place of abode at Antwerp instead, for he was afraid that the varied affairs and attractions of the court would distract

him, and thus prevent him from reaching the full perfection in his art of which he felt himself capable.

Rubens, seeing himself thus bound to his native land by such powerful ties, considered that he was now in an estate to enter into matrimony, and espoused Isabella, the daughter of John Brant, a councillor of Antwerp. He also bought himself a large house in the city of Antwerp, which he remodelled after the Roman style of architecture, and embellished it inside and out, that it might be a suitable abode for an eminent painter and for an amateur of works of art. The mansion was adjoined by a spacious garden in which he planted trees of all the sorts and varieties which he could anywhere obtain. Between the courtyard of the house and the garden he built a pavilion of a round shape, after the fashion of the Temple of the Pantheon, at Rome. Light was admitted to this pavilion only from above, through a single opening in the centre of the dome, and the interior he adorned with many antique statues and precious pictures which he had collected in Italy, and with other things rare and curious.

After the death of the Archduke Albert, who had held Rubens in especial affection, and who had stood godfather to the painter's eldest son, Rubens was no less favored by the esteem and good will of the Archduchess, his widow, and by all the greatest nobles of the court of the Netherlands, especially by the Marquis of Spinola, who took extreme pleasure in engaging him in conversation, and who was accustomed to say that he found so many talents combined in him that, for his own part, he believed the gift of painting to be one of the least considerable of them.

It was about this time that Queen Marie de Médicis was building her Palace of the Luxembourg, and that she might adorn it with every splendor, she wished it to contain two galleries filled with works by Rubens alone; and to this end she commissioned him to paint for one of these galleries a series of pictures setting forth the incidents of her own life, and for the other, a series depicting the career of her husband, Henry IV. She was not able to see the full accomplishment of this project, however, for she was exiled at the time when Rubens was still working upon the pictures which should immortalize the achievements of the king her husband; but he had begun the series by illustrating the history of the queen's life, and has left that work in its perfection as an eternal monument to his genius.

During the sojourn of Rubens in Paris, where he had gone to see the pictures just named put in their places, and to give them the finishing touches, — which happened in 1625, — he by chance encountered the Duke of Buckingham, who was then in high favor with the King of England, as well as with the princes of the court of France. The duke had heard much of the merits of Rubens, and desired the painter to take his portrait. This Rubens did, and so acquitted himself that he surpassed the duke's expectations in every point. After the acquaintance thus begun between them had endured for some time, and they had become bound together in close intimacy, the duke confided to the painter how deeply chagrined he was at the misunderstandings and wars which so constantly embroiled the kingdoms

of Spain and England, and that he had conceived a project for reconciling them.

On his return to Brussels Rubens communicated this intelligence to the archduchess, who, overjoyed at it, ordered him to cherish his friendship with the duke, and by no means to allow the bonds of their intimacy to relax. This Rubens did, and so devoted himself to the business in hand that the Duke of Buckingham, thinking that he was in some measure weaned by his diplomatic negotiations from his great love for painting, sent to offer him a hundred thousand florins for his collection of antique treasures and for a number of his pictures. Rubens, knowing the duke's passion for works of art, and greatly desiring to comply with his friend's request, consented; but that he himself might not be totally deprived of the precious objects for which he had so much affection, and which had cost him so much effort to obtain, he had all the marble statues that he ceded to the duke first cast in plaster, and set up these casts in the same places that their originals had occupied. To take the places of those pictures which he had sold, he painted others with his own hand.

Meantime, in 1628, the courts of Spain and England had begun to consider the establishment of a mutual peace. The Marquis of Spinola, believing that there was none better qualified than Rubens to undertake such negotiations, spoke of the matter to the archduchess, who despatched Rubens to the King of Spain; and that monarch was so pleased with the painter's person and abilities, and judged him so well fitted to undertake the negotiations between the two kingdoms, that, as token of his satisfaction, he made Rubens a knight, and gave him the post of secretary to his privy council in the Netherlands.¹

The following year Rubens returned to Brussels, and from Brussels journeyed into England with commissions from the King of Spain to King Charles I. of England, intended to further advance the settlement of their difficulties. The English king, who was extremely fond of painting, received him at London with especial honor. After having concluded the terms of peace, to the great relief of the subjects of both countries and to the satisfaction of their respective kings, Rubens took leave of the English monarch, who, as a mark of his consideration, knighted him, as the Spanish king had done, bestowed a sword which he took from his own person upon him, and also made him a present of a rich diamond which he took from his own finger, as well as of a string of diamonds of the value of ten thousand crowns.² When Rubens, loaded with all these marks of favor, returned into Spain to give a report of his negotiations, he was received by the Spanish court with every mark of esteem, confidence, and friendship. The king made him a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, bestowed the Order of the Golden Key upon him, and commanded him to take the portraits of the royal family.

¹ It was during his sojourn in Spain that Rubens' memorable friendship with Velasquez was formed.

² It was while he was in England that, as the story runs, a courtier entering a room in Whitehall Palace, where Rubens sat painting, exclaimed, "Ah! His Majesty's ambassador occasionally amuses himself with painting?" "On the contrary," replied Rubens, "the painter occasionally amuses himself with diplomacy."

Having thus gloriously brought about a truce, Rubens returned to Antwerp. There he married, in 1630, at the age of fifty-three, Helena Fourment, a girl of uncommon beauty, and who was then only sixteen years old. His first wife had been four years dead.

I will not here delay to enumerate his works in detail, for the number of them is almost infinite; but I will merely mention that in addition to the many pictures which he painted of every style, and for all the courts of Europe, for the royal families of Spain, of England, of France, and for many other princes, he also filled almost all the churches of Flanders with his painting.

If to live happily, to be employed in such wise as to exercise the especial talents which Nature has bestowed, and thus to be assured of success in these undertakings, constitutes happiness, one may say that Rubens' life thereafter was one of the happiest which has ever been led in this world. If henceforth he left his painting at Antwerp, upon which he worked with the most marvellous facility and with great delight to himself, he left it only that he might go to the court of Brussels, where he was often called by the archduchess to advise in affairs of state; and he used his gifts, as far as in him lay, to bring about the happiness of the people and the re-establishment in all countries of the love of art. He never interrupted his painting except for business of this nature, nor left such business except for his painting, which held the first place in his affection.

The qualities with which nature had endowed him, and the virtues which he had acquired, gave him the esteem and affection of all who knew him. He was of large stature, commanding presence, and his features were well formed and regular. His cheeks were ruddy, his hair auburn colored, his eyes bright but not piercing, his countenance laughing, agreeable, and open. His manners were engaging, his humor easy, his conversation apt, his wit sparkling and keen, his fashion of speaking dignified, and the sound of his voice most agreeable; all of which natural charms made him most eloquent and persuasive.

Although he seems to have had much to distract him, his life was nevertheless strictly regulated. He rose every morning at four o'clock, and made it his rule to commence each day by hearing mass, whenever he was not prevented from so doing by the gout, a malady which greatly incommoded him. After mass he set himself to work, having always near by a paid reader who read to him aloud from some worthy book, usually either Plutarch, Liyy, or Seneca. While he was painting he could converse without distraction and without quitting his work; and was accustomed to entertain with his conversation those who came to see him while thus occupied. As he extremely delighted in his work, he so regulated his life that he might labor most easily and without damage to his health; and for this reason he ate and drank but sparingly, that he might not by satiety cloud or dull his faculties. He continued to paint daily up to five o'clock in the afternoon, when he went out on horseback on some fine Spanish horse to take the air, and was accustomed to ride through the city and about the ramparts. He rarely visited his friends;

but he so cordially received all who came to see him that hardly a stranger passed through Antwerp, no matter what his quality might be, who did not go to Rubens' house, either attracted by his fame or to see his collection of works of art, which was one of the finest in Europe.

In his last years he planned to secure for himself a more tranquil life than that which he had heretofore lived, and with this object he bought the domain of Steen, situated between Brussels and Mechlin, and to this retired spot he went sometimes for solitude, or whenever he was pleased to paint landscapes after nature.

Having lived a life so useful to his sovereigns and to his country, and so glorious to himself, he died in 1640, in his sixty-fourth year, and was buried in the church of St. Jacques at Antwerp. — ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

The Art of Rubens

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN

«MÂITRES D'AUTREFOIS»

RUBENS must never be compared to the Italians, under penalty of misunderstanding him and judging him falsely. If we mean by "style" the ideal of the pure and beautiful transcribed in formulas, he has no style. If by "grandeur," "loftiness," "penetration" we mean the meditative and intuitive force of a great thinker, he has neither grandeur nor thought. If taste be requisite, he has no taste. If one delights in a restrained, concentrated, condensed art, like that of Leonardo da Vinci, for example, Rubens' art can only irritate by its habitual exaggerations. If all feminine types should bear some relation to the Dresden Madonna, or to the Mona Lisa, or to those of Bellini, Perugino, and Luini, — those delicate definers of grace and beauty in woman, — no indulgence can be felt for the abundant beauty and plump charms of Helena Fourment. Finally, if there be demanded from Rubens the conciseness, the rigid bearing, the peaceable gravity that painting wore when he began, very little would be left to him, except as a gesticulator, a man full of force, a sort of imposing athlete, with little cultivation.

On the other hand, he has taken a possession of the earth that no other man has. His painted work comprises about fifteen hundred productions, the most immense output that ever issued from one brain. To approach him we must add together the lives of several of the men most fertile in productivity; and if the importance, the dimensions, and the complicated character of his works be considered independently of their number, the spectacle is astounding, and gives the most lofty, even, we might say, the most religious, idea of human faculties.

The spectacular is his domain. His eye is the most marvellous prism of light and color that has ever been vouchsafed us. Passions, attitudes of the body, expressions of countenance, — all mankind in the multifarious incidents of the great drama of life, — passed through his brain, took from it

stronger features, more robust forms, became amplified, but not purified, and transfigured into some unknown heroic mould. He stamps all with the directness of his character, the warmth of his blood, and the magnificence of his vision. There is a glory, a trumpet-call, in his grossest works. His was the special gift of eloquence. His language, to define it accurately, is what in literature is called oratorical. When he improvises he is not at his best; when he restrains his speech it is magnificent. It is prompt, sudden, abundant, and warm; in all circumstances it is eminently persuasive. He strikes, astonishes, repels; he irritates, but almost always convinces; and when there is opportunity he can touch as no one else can do. Certain pictures of his are revolting, but there are others that bring tears to the eyes. His are the weaknesses and digressions, but also the magnetic fire, of a great orator. He sometimes perorates and declaims, he beats the air with his huge arms; but there are words which he can speak as no other man can.

All this leads to a still more complete definition, and we may apply a word to his art that is almost comprehensive. Rubens' art is *lyric*; he is the most lyrical of all painters. His imaginative promptness, the intensity of his style, his sonorous and progressive rhythm,—call all this lyric art and you will not be far from the truth. Here are much blood and physical vigor, but a winged spirit; a man who fears not the horrible, but has a tender and truly serene soul; here are hideousness and brutality, a total absence of taste in form, combined with an ardor which transforms ugliness into force, bloody brutality into terror. There are many who cannot follow him in his flights, who suspect the imagination which elevates him, but see only what attaches him to the common, to the too real,—the thick muscles, the redundant or careless design, the heavy types, the flesh, and the blood just under the skin,—the world of the material. What they fail to perceive is that he has formulas, a style, an ideal, and that these superior formulas, this style, this ideal, are in his *palette*. He was very earthly, more earthly than any of the masters whose equal he is, but the pure painter came to the aid of the material elements in him and set them free. His aim is the clear evidence of objects; his element is light; his means of exaltation is his palette.

And yet when I say that it was the *painter* in him that lifted him out of the material, that gives the exaltation, the lyric quality to his art, when I say that his ideal was in his palette and his handiwork, what do I mean? Never was handiwork easier to seize or with fewer tricks and reticences. There never was a painter so little mysterious, either when thinking, composing, coloring, or executing. Not one of his tones is rare in itself.

Brown undertones, with two or three active colors to make one believe in the wealth of a vast canvas; broken grays obtained by dull mixture; all the intermediary grays between deep black and pure white,—consequently very little coloring-matter and the greatest brilliancy of color, great luxury obtained with small expense, light without excessive brightness, extreme sonorousness from a small number of instruments, a keyboard in which nearly three-fourths of the keys are neglected, but which the painter runs over, skipping many notes and touching it when necessary at the two ends;—such, in the mixed

language of music and painting, is the habit of this great practitioner. He who has seen one of his pictures knows them all. His colors are very simple, and only appear so complicated on account of the results achieved by the painter, and the part he makes them play. Nothing can be more limited than the number of primary tints, nor more foreseen than the manner in which they are opposed; nothing is more simple than the habit by virtue of which he shades them, and yet nothing more unexpected than the result which is produced. The means are simple, the method elementary, but employed by a hand magnificently agile, adroit, sensitive, and composed.

Whence, then, comes his fire? At what moment is he carried away? Is it when he executes some extravagant gesture, a moving object, an eye that gleams, a mouth that shouts, tangled hair, a bristling beard, a hand that grasps? Is it when he imbues many yards of canvas with a glowing tint, when he makes his red ripple in waves, so that everything round this red glows with its reflection? Is it when he passes from one strong color to another, circulating through neutral tones as if this rebellious and sticky paint were the most manageable of materials? Did this painting, which puts the beholder into a fever, burn the hands whence it issued, fluid, easy, natural, healthy, and ever virgin, no matter at what moment you surprise it? Where, in a word, is the *effort* in this art, which might be called forced, and which is yet but the intimate expression of a mind which never was forced?

Rubens' so-called "impetuosity" is a way of *feeling*, rather than a disorderly way of *painting*. The brush is as calm as the soul is hot and ready to rush forward. Nothing is more deceptive than this apparent fever, restrained by profound calculation, expressed by a mechanism practised in every exercise. There is ever the same method, the same coolness, the same calculation. A calm and intelligent premeditation directs his most startling and moving effects.

Let me make my meaning clearer by a comparison. Did you ever close your eyes during the execution of a brilliant piece of orchestral music? Sound gushes everywhere; it seems to leap from one instrument to the other; and as it is very tumultuous, in spite of the perfect harmony, it might well be believed that everything was agitated, that the hands of the players trembled, that the same musical frenzy had seized the instruments and those who held them. The performers so move the audience that it seems impossible that they should be sitting calmly before their music-stands. One is surprised to see them peaceable, self-contained, attentive to the movement of the conductor's wand, which leads, sustains, dictates to each what he should do, and which is itself only the agent of a mind fully awake and of great knowledge. Thus Rubens wields, during the execution of his works, the ebony baton which commands, dictates, and conducts. His is the imperturbable will, the master faculty, which directs most obedient instruments,—the technical faculties.—ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

H. TAINE

"PHILOSOPHIE DE L'ART DANS LES PAYS-BAS"

RUBENS is to Titian what Titian was to Raphael and Raphael to Phidias. Never did artistic sympathy clasp nature in such a wide embrace. Ancient boundaries seem removed to give his genius infinite scope. He has no respect for historic proprieties; he groups together real and allegorical figures,—cardinals with a naked Mercury. He has no deference for the moral order; he fills the ideal heaven of mythology and of the gospel with coarse characters. He has no dread of exciting physical sensibility, and pushes the horrible to extremes, through all the tortures of the flesh and all the contortions of howling agony. In his art all the animal instincts of human nature appear on the stage; those which convention had excluded as gross he reproduces as true, and mingle them with the other human emotions as they are intermingled in life. The whole of human nature is in his grasp, save its loftiest heights. Hence it is that his creativeness is the vastest that we have seen, comprehending as it does all types, and the innumerable diversities stamped on humanity by the play of natural forces.

For the same reason, in the representation of the body he comprehended more profoundly than any one else the essential characteristics of organic life; and herein surpasses the Venetians, as they surpass the Florentines. No one has shown so vividly the decay and bloom of life—now the dull and flabby corpse, now the freshness of living flesh, the blooming athlete, the mellow suppleness of a yielding torso in the form of a well-fed adolescent, the soft rosy cheeks and placid candor of a girl whose blood was never quickened or eyes bedimmed by thought, troops of dimpled cherubs and merry cupids, the delicacy, the exquisite melting rosiness of infantile skin.

In like manner in the representation of action he appreciated more keenly than any other painter the essential feature of animal and moral life; that is to say, the instantaneous movement which it is the aim of the plastic arts to seize. In this again he surpasses the Venetians as they surpass the Florentines. No other painter has endowed figures with such spirit, with such impulsive gestures, with an impetuosity so abandoned and furious,—such a universal commotion and tempest of swollen and writhing muscles. His personages speak, their repose itself is suspended on the verge of action; not only the face, but the entire attitude conspires to manifest the rushing stream of their thought, feeling, and complete being; we hear the inward utterance of their emotions. He was therefore capable of amplifying the forces he found around and within him, the forces that underlie and manifest the overflow and triumph of existence; on the one hand, gigantic joints, herculean shapes and shoulders, red and colossal muscles, truculent and bearded heads, overnourished bodies teeming with succulence, the luxuriant display of white and rosy flesh; on the other, the rude instincts which impel human nature to seek food, drink, strife, and pleasure, the savage fury of the combatant, the enormity of the big-bellied Silenus, the sensual joviality of the Faun, the boldness, the energy, the broad joyousness of the Flemish type.

He heightens these effects again by their composition and the accessories with which he surrounds them,—the magnificence of lustrous silks, em-

broader simars, golden brocades, groups of naked figures, modern costumes and antique draperies, an inexhaustible accumulation of arms, standards, colonnades, Venetian stairways, temples, canopies, ships, animals, and ever novel and imposing scenery, as if, outside of ordinary nature, he possessed the key of a thousand times richer nature, whereon his magician's hand might draw forever. Yet the freedom of his imagination never leads to confusion; but on the contrary, he creates with a jet so vigorous and prodigal that his most complicated productions seem like the irresistible outflow of a surfeited brain. Like the Indian deity, he relieves his fecundity by creating worlds; and from the matchless folds and hues of his tossed simars to the snowy whites of his flesh, or the pale silkiness of his blond tresses, there is not a tone in any of his canvases which does not appear to have been placed there purposely to afford him delight.—FROM THE FRENCH.

GUSTAV F. WAAGEN "PETER PAUL RUBENS, HIS LIFE AND GENIUS"

A THOROUGH Fleming in temperament and character, Rubens led his countrymen back to the very point whence sprang their original excellence, the lively perception of natural forms, and the development of the faculty of color. But the spirit of the times in which he lived, and the peculiar temper of his own mind, naturally prevented these characteristic qualities from being exhibited as they would have been in the age of the Van Eycks. It had been the aim of the latter, as far as their means allowed, in the coloring as well as in the execution of their works, so to imitate nature that their pictures, whether looked at closely or contemplated from a distance, should produce, as nearly as possible, the same effect. The principal thing with Rubens, on the contrary, was the *general effect*; and though he painted the details with the greatest truth, he contented himself with making them subordinate to the whole, so as to resemble nature at a certain distance. The means which were at his command in his own time for the accomplishment of his purpose,—a better knowledge of the laws of perspective and of chiaroscuro, that breadth of style first introduced by Titian and his school, and then so admirably practised by Michelangelo da Caravaggio and the Carracci,—these he had mastered with the greatest energy during his long residence in Italy, and the more successfully as they perfectly accorded with the nature of his own genius. But instead of that genuine religious enthusiasm, long since vanished, which had formerly inspired the Van Eycks, so as even to spread a certain solemnity over their scenes of passion, the mind of Rubens was so imbued with the love for dramatic representation that he imparted life and movement even to subjects which properly demanded a certain calmness and repose in the treatment.

A most glowing and creative fancy, inexhaustible in the conception of new forms full of life and vigor, would naturally find even the easiest method of painting tedious, and thus feel the necessity of acquiring some means of transferring its creations to the canvas in the shortest time possible. His rare technical skill and his extraordinary faculty of color aided Rubens admir-

ably in accomplishing this object. He rapidly attained the art of placing, with a master hand, the right tones in the right places, without trying all kinds of experiments with the colors on the pictures themselves; and after he had with ease blended them together, he knew how to give to the whole picture the last finish by a few master touches in those parts which he had left unpainted for the purpose. This mode of treatment, so characteristic of the turn of Rubens' mind, is the reason why his pictures bear the stamp of an original lively burst of fancy more than those of any other painter. Hence Rubens, beyond any artist of modern times, may be styled a "sketcher," in the highest and best sense of the word.

As a colorist, he might be called the painter of light, as Rembrandt is the painter of darkness. With Rubens everything is imbued with the pure element of broad light; the different colors are brought close together in luxuriant contrast, but in their harmonious relation to each other they celebrate a common triumph. No other painter has ever known how to produce such a full and satisfactory tone of light, such a deep chiaroscuro united with such general brilliancy. Few can be compared to him in the admirable gradations in the keeping of the whole, and in the manner in which each variety of surface is distinctly pronounced; the coloring of his flesh in particular has such a vivid transparency of tone, such a glow of life, that it is easy to understand how Guido Reni should have been struck with wonder upon beholding a picture of Rubens for the first time, and exclaim, "Does this painter mix blood with his colors?"

The creative fancy of Rubens was capable of conceiving every possible variety of subject at all fitted for the pencil, and the sphere was indeed ample from which his remarkable cultivation of mind enabled him to select. Thus he painted subjects from the Bible, from the legends of saints, from ancient and modern history, and from classical mythology; portraits and conversation pieces, battle and hunting pieces, grotesques and landscapes. He made every subject conform to his own nature, and he accordingly treated all such as were foreign to it in a most capricious manner. Therefore it is that while all his works bear the true stamp of genius, and captivate us by the originality and freshness of thought exhibited in them, as well as by the masterly keeping, the vigor and glow of the coloring, and the talent displayed in the treatment altogether, yet the gratification we derive from them is ever in proportion to the harmony which existed between the subject and his own natural disposition. . . . But in subjects which really required to be treated in a dramatic style, more particularly in those wherein the expression of power, grandeur, and strongly excited passions were admissible, and where he consequently could give free scope, unshackled, unreproved, to all the inspirations of his genius,—there we recognize Rubens in all his glory. I have no hesitation in pronouncing him the greatest of all modern painters when he had to deal with subjects depending on the momentary expression of powerfully excited passion which can only be firmly seized and developed in the imagination. — FROM THE GERMAN, BY ROBERT R. NOEL.

EUGÈNE VÉRON

"RUBENS, SA VIE ET SES ŒUVRES"

THE entire work of Rubens is evidence of the superb calm of his nature. Much as he loves life and movement, admirably as he renders by significant gesture and attitude the emotional and dramatic, through it all the serenity of his genius is unmoved. His painting recalls the impersonal accents of the Homeric songs. This serenity in the midst of the most violent appearances was part of the temperament of the man — truly a wonderful constitution, and one of which I cannot instance another example. Other poets and other artists, even the greatest, have found it necessary to be exalted out of themselves for the time being, to be, as it were, temporarily inspired to attain certain conceptions and realize such effects ; while Rubens, better privileged by nature, found within himself a reserve force sufficient to represent the most terrible and emotional scenes without any such self-exaltation. One might compare him to the giants of the fairy tales, who lift with one finger a burden which would crush an army. But their power was physical ; Rubens' power was mental. He was by nature super-normal. His imagination, without becoming heated, without strain, without departing from the habitual serenity of its normal condition, conceived and portrayed scenes of the greatest dramatic effect as easily as scenes of the lightest and most playful sort. The one demanded no more effort from him than the other. This is the quality that distinguishes Rubens from all other artists, namely, the possession of power in a normal and permanent state ; the unexplainable persistence in him of a quality of mind which was not emotion,— for emotion presupposes, by its very definition, a suspension of habitual conditions,— but which produced the same effects as are produced in others by their evanescent emotions. His artistic temperament had all the advantages which the others found in their passion, with the difference that with him passion was constant, and so left him all the calm, all the clearness, of the coldest self-possession.

It follows that Rubens' works were not dependent upon his mood, but flowed from his hand with an almost incredible facility and spontaneity, without groping and without hesitations. He is essentially an improvisator, but he improvised because his imagination was a magnifying-glass which showed him, at first glance, things with all the augmentation needed to render them expressive ; with all the exaggeration, which, without yet taking them out of reality, elevated them by both significance and color into the highest domain of art. Whatever the subject his eye or his thought touched upon he immediately transformed — I say transformed, not idealized ; idealization was not the tendency of his genius — and reclothed with a superior intensity, multiplying the facets by which it should lay hold of the eye, and developing instantly in the subject what might be called the essence of its reality.

This is the principal trait of his extraordinary genius : that his imagination was to the face of the moral and physical world of reality, seen or reconstructed in his memory, a sort of marvellous mirror which had the faculty of reproducing these spectacles, catching them in their most striking and expressive moment of reality, and at the same time spontaneously adding to them the necessary enlargement or augmentation.— FROM THE FRENCH.

The Works of Rubens

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL

THE celebrated 'Descent from the Cross' is the central panel of a triptych painted by Rubens in 1612 as an altar-piece for the Guild of Arquebusiers at Antwerp.

"I need not describe this composition," writes Eugène Fromentin. "You could not mention one more popular as a work of art, or as a religious painting. Who does not remember the arrangement and the effect of the picture, — its great central light against a dark background, its distinct and massive divisions, and its grand masses? The coloring is not rich, but it is full, well sustained, and calculated to be effective from a distance. It is composed of an almost black green, an absolute black, a rather dull red, and a white, all set side by side as frankly as four notes of such violence can be. The scene is grave and impressive. When we remember the murders with which the work of Rubens is bloody, the massacres, the torturing executioners, it is evident that here is noble suffering. Everything is as restrained, concise, and laconic as a page of Scripture. Here are neither gesticulations, nor cries, nor horrors, nor excessive tears; scarcely a sob bursts from the Virgin; the intensity of her suffering is expressed only by a gesture, by a face bathed in tears. The figure of the Magdalen is admirable; it is incontestably the best piece of workmanship in the picture, the most delicate, the most personal, one of the best that Rubens ever created in his career, so fertile in the invention of female beauty. Moreover, it is the sole mundane grace with which he has embellished this austere picture.

"The Christ is one of the most beautiful figures that Rubens ever conceived. Pliant and almost meagre, it has an inexpressible slender grace, which gives it all the delicacy of nature, and all the distinction of a fine academic study. No one can forget the effect of that long body, with the small head fallen to one side, so livid and so limpid in its pallor, whence all pain has passed away. In what an exhausted attitude it glides along the winding-sheet, with what affectionate anguish it is received by the outstretched arms of the women. How heavy it is and how precious to bear!"

THE CRUCIFIXION

ANTWERP MUSEUM

RUBENS painted this picture of Christ on the cross between the two malefactors (sometimes called 'Le Coup de Lance,' or 'Lance Thrust') in the year 1620. In splendor of color, boldness of conception, and dramatic intensity it has never been surpassed, and is regarded by many as Rubens' masterpiece.

Longinus, the Roman officer, mounted on a gray horse, thrusts his lance into the Saviour's side. In the foreground stands the Virgin Mother, whom

Mary, the wife of Cleophas, in vain endeavors to console. Behind, St. John leans against the cross of the penitent thief, bitterly weeping, while Mary Magdalen on her knees at the foot of the cross implores the Roman officer to spare the body of her master.

"In this picture," writes Michel, "Rubens attains a wonderful perfection in a department of painting in which he was habitually superior; that is, in the distribution of the lights. In spite of the complexity of the movements and the arabesque of outline, the silhouette of the whole is strong and simple. The picture draws you from afar, and then the beauties of its detail hold you enthralled,—above all, the poetic figure of the Magdalen, so tender, so beautiful, so touching in her despair, and in the effable gesture with which she endeavors to protect the sacred body from this last profanation."

RUBENS' SONS

LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: VIENNA

ÉMILE MICHEL writes: "In Prince Liechtenstein's gallery there is a superb portrait of Rubens' two sons. A replica in the Dresden Gallery long passed as the original, but this is now considered to be a copy, though apparently made during the painter's lifetime and in his studio.

"Albert, the elder of the two boys, is dressed in a black costume slashed with white. Nicholas is dressed in brighter material,—gray breeches, a blue slashed jacket with yellow satin puffs and ribbons,—and plays with a captive goldfinch. The brilliance and harmony of the color, and the happy arrangement of the group, bear sufficient testimony to the pleasure Rubens took in painting the picture, which was about the year 1626."

"The arrangement is so natural, and so charmingly easy," writes Oscar Berggruen, "that in this respect few portraits in the world can be set beside it. The painting, which was entirely by the master's own hand, is so fresh and harmonious, so manifestly done from life, that Rubens rarely attained to such perfection as here."

ST. ILDEFONSO RECEIVING A CHASUBLE FROM THE VIRGIN

IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

ALTHOUGH critics differ in assigning a date to this triptych, it was probably painted after Rubens' return from England, at the order of the Archduchess of the Netherlands, in memory of her husband, who had been dead ten years. "As this picture was a votive-offering," writes Berggruen, "it was necessary that it should contain the portraits of both the archduke and his wife. These figures are of life size, and both kneel, gazing toward the Virgin in the main composition. With the Archduke Albert is his patron, St. Albert, in the costume of a cardinal, who seems to be presenting him to the Madonna, while in the opposite panel St. Clara offers her protégée, the archduchess, a golden crown intertwined with roses. In the background of each side panel a majestic crimson curtain hung between marble columns gives the dominant touch of color.

"In the composition of the central panel one may find a reminder of the style of grouping saints about the Madonna on her throne for which the

Italian painters had such a predilection, and which they called a *santa conversazione*. The Madonna is seated in the centre, with four female saints grouped about her. St. Ildefonso on his knees before her fervently presses his lips to the chasuble which she has given him, while from the opening skies three cherubs descend with a crown.

"The artist has not confined himself crampingly close to the legend, which relates that St. Ildefonso, a bishop of Toledo in the seventh century, had stoutly defended the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception against the heretics who denied it. The Virgin, in gratitude, descended from heaven into the cathedral of her defender and presented him with a robe in which to conduct the service.

"What gives this work its special value is its ineffable charm of color,—a beauty in this respect which the artist never surpassed, and which he has seldom equalled. The color is concentrated upon the Madonna—it is vivid, fresh, harmonious; the light shining down from the opened heaven gilds and transforms the local tints upon the female saints and upon the bishop, while the angels float in a luminous ether which fills the upper part of the picture."

Rubens painted the Virgin, the saints, and the figures of the donors entirely with his own hand, and retouched the whole of the remainder, which his pupils had prepared from his sketches. The critics Michel, Kugler, Lübke, Viardot, Waagen, Springer, and Knackfuss all agree in considering this picture one of the most admirable of his works.

P O R T R A I T O F H E L E N A F O U R M E N T T H E H E R M I T A G E : S T. P E T E R S B U R G

"**F**ROM the day of his marriage with his second wife, Helena Fourment, on the sixth of December, 1630," writes Paul Mantz, "a sort of St. Martin's summer began in Rubens' life, and seemed to lend to his heart and to his genius the impulse of another spring-time. Apparently, too, he was eager to share the delight he took in her with all the world, and she was for many years, and indeed, to the end of his life, continually in his mind and in his eyes. He never wearied of reproducing her young grace. The portraits of her are numberless.

"One of Rubens' first pictures of her, which was painted entirely by himself in 1631 or 1632,—a souvenir of the honeymoon perhaps,—is this in the Hermitage Gallery, which shows us the young wife in all the bloom of her girlish youth. It is a masterpiece—exquisite, elegant, and fine. Her robe is of black satin, the bodice and lace sleeves adorned with lilac ribbons, and she wears a few fine jewels. The background is formed by a vaguely indicated landscape shrouded by sombre-colored stormy clouds touched at the base with the red of the setting sun, with only in the upper sky a hint of blue. All the important parts of the picture Rubens has painted with great care, especially the exquisite flesh tints of the face, neck, and breast, which, treated in a series of delicate white and ivory tones, glow in contrast with the black of the hat and gown."

CHILDREN WITH A GARLAND OF FRUIT

MUNICH GALLERY

"RUBENS' pictures in which children are represented playing with fruit and flowers are of extraordinary beauty," writes Dr. Waagen. "The finest of this class is probably that in the Munich Gallery, wherein seven children are dragging along an immense wreath of fruit. The children and fruit rival each other in luxuriance of form and richness and force of coloring." "The idea of this composition is charming," writes Max Rooses. "The children form a framework around the garland even fresher and more radiant than the fruit itself. The work is admirable for the solidity, the seriousness, and the richness of its painting. The flesh is firm, the outlines clear, the execution careful."

The date of the picture is probably 1615 or 1618. The garland of fruit is believed to have been painted by Rubens' pupil, Snyders.

CASTOR AND POLLUX AND THE DAUGHTERS OF LEUCIPPUS

MUNICH GALLERY

"NOTHING is more characteristic of the dramatic turn of Rubens' mind," writes Dr. Waagen, "than his choice of subjects from the mythology of the Greeks and the works of the ancient poets; and in nothing has he displayed more freedom, originality, and poetry than in the manner in which he has treated them. Amongst his numerous works of this class, Castor and Pollux carrying off Phœbe and Hilaira, the daughters of Leucippus, Prince of Messenia, may be placed first."

"With wonderful skill," writes Goeler von Ravensburg, "the four figures are so intertwined as to form a group as varied as it is uniform, singularly alive, and yet with no effect of unrest, constructed with the most consummate art, and yet apparently perfectly unconstrained and natural. The two maidens are beautiful of form; the two noble youths full of force and vigor, their calm strength forming a striking contrast to the desperate but futile struggles of their captives. It is true that in neither the forms nor in the characters of the heads is there any suggestion of the antique, but rather of Flemish models; the beauty, the grandeur, and the entire freedom of the whole composition, however, place it on a plane with the best works of antique art."

CORONATION OF MARIE DE MÉDICIS

LOUVRE: PARIS

"THE large size of a picture," wrote Rubens in 1621, "gives us painters more courage to represent our ideas with the utmost freedom and semblance of reality. . . . I confess myself to be, by a natural instinct, better fitted to execute works of the largest size." "The correctness of this appreciation," says Henri Hymans, "he was very soon called upon to demonstrate most strikingly by a series of twenty-one pictures illustrating the life of Marie de Médicis, queen-mother of France. The series may be regarded as a poem in painting, and no person conversant with the literature of the time can fail to recognize that strange mixture of the sacred and the mythological in which the most admired authors of the seventeenth century delight. The sketches for all these paintings were made in the Antwerp studio, a

numerous staff of distinguished collaborators being intrusted with the final execution. But the master himself spent much time in Paris, retouching the whole work, which was completed within less than four years."

The one of the series here reproduced represents the coronation of Marie de Médicis, which took place at St. Denis in May, 1610, and marked the zenith of her adventurous life. Arrayed in a royal mantle of blue lined with ermine and embroidered with lilies, the queen kneels while the Cardinal de Joyeuse crowns her. Beside her stands the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XIII.). The king himself observes the ceremony from a gallery, and in the background stand the ambassadors of foreign powers. In the upper part of the picture are two allegorical figures, one of which bears a palm-branch, while the other scatters flowers and gold-pieces.

"This work," writes Max Rooses, "is truly superb and demonstrates Rubens' inimitable talent for depicting pageants. Imposing groups, the most iridescent colors, brilliant lights, rich garments, and noble personages,—the regal magnificence of the scene and of the occasion,—all become material for decorative effect, blending into an harmonious and splendidly imposing spectacle."

EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I.

IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

THE famous Emperor of Austria, Maximilian I., who was for twenty-six years ruler of the Holy Roman Empire, and who introduced important changes into the civil and military administration of Germany, waged the unsuccessful war against the Swiss confederacy which resulted in the latter's independence, and, with Henry VIII. of England, gained the brilliant 'Battle of the Spurs' against the French, died fifty-eight years before Rubens was born. This picture of him is therefore to be considered only as a pure work of art; and as a luminous, dignified, decorative, and broad example of Rubens' later work. The Emperor, "clad in complete steel" embossed with golden ornaments, his morion set with gems, wound with a tri-colored turban and surmounted with a jewelled crown, his jerkin emblazoned with heraldic designs, makes truly an imposing and splendid figure. Behind him on the right is a red curtain, and on the left the blue sky covered with light clouds. The picture is entirely by Rubens' own hand, and was painted about 1635.

A LION HUNT

MUNICH GALLERY

"NOWHERE is Rubens' genius more superb, nowhere is he more himself," writes Émile Michel, "than when he is expressing such furious and dramatic scenes as this. Nothing could be more thrilling. The sight of it stirs the blood and quickens the pulse. Men and beasts are here engaged in a furious and desperate battle. Wounded by hunters, two lions such as the master loved to paint (no thin and languid captives of the menagerie, but the free and terrible beasts of the desert, of sudden catlike leaps, muscles of steel, fearful jaws and claws) have turned at bay, and furiously attack

the aggressors, while the latter, in mortal terror, thrust and pierce with lance and spear. It is a heart-stopping tumult,—rearing horses screaming with fear or pain, torn and bloody flesh, stretched sinews, faces distorted with effort, with terror, or the agony of death,—but beneath this apparent chaos we recognize the workings of a calm directing mind, which has foreseen and arranged every detail that could contribute to the full significance of the picture. On the right, where the main emphasis of the composition lies, strong values support the masses and concentrate the effect; skilfully distributed natural grays bring out the values of the scattered brighter tones; and the low horizon allows the turbulent silhouette to stand clear against the sky, greatly adding to the impression of the scene."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF RUBENS, WITH THEIR
PRESENT LOCATIONS

RUBENS painted upwards of fifteen hundred pictures. To print a full catalogue of them in the present space would be a manifest impossibility, and only his more important works are mentioned below. The most complete list yet published is M. Max Rooses' 'L'Œuvre de P.-P. Rubens.'

AUSTRIA. PRAGUE, COUNT NOSTITZ'S COLLECTION: Portrait of Spinola—VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: St. Ambrose and Theodosius; Miracles of St. Frances Xavier; Miracles of St. Ignatius Loyola; St. Ildefonso Receiving a Chasuble from the Virgin (Plate iv); Head of Medusa; Offering to Venus; Four Quarters of the Globe; The Pelisse; Portrait of Rubens (Page 20); Infant Jesus and St. John; Cymon and Iphigenia; Emperor Maximilian I. (Plate ix); Charles the Bold—VIENNA, LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: Erichthonius in his Cradle; Life of Decius Mus (series of six pictures); Rubens' Sons (Plate iii); Six Portraits; Sketches for Henry IV. Gallery—VIENNA, ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS: Boreas and Orithyes; Tigress and her Young—BELGIUM. ALOST, CHURCH OF ST. ROCH: St. Roch Praying for the Plague-stricken—ANTWERP MUSEUM: The Crucifixion (Plate ii); Adoration of the Magi; Communion of St. Francis; Education of the Virgin; 'Christ à la Paille'—ANTWERP, CATHEDRAL: Descent from the Cross (Plate i); Elevation of the Cross; Assumption of the Virgin—ANTWERP, CHURCH OF ST. JACQUES: Virgin and Saints—BRUSSELS MUSEUM: Adoration of the Magi; Ascent of Calvary; Martyrdom of St. Liévin; Portraits of Jean and Jacqueline de Cordes—BRUSSELS, ROYAL PALACE: Miracles of St. Benedict; St. Theresa—GHENT, CHURCH OF ST. BAVON: Conversion of St. Bavon—MECHLIN, CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME: Miraculous Draught of Fishes—MECHLIN, CHURCH OF ST. JEAN: Adoration of the Magi—DENMARK. COPENHAGEN MUSEUM: Portrait of Yrsselius—ENGLAND. COBHAM HALL, EARL OF DARNLEY'S COLLECTION: Thomyris and Cyrus—CORSHAM COURT, LORD METHUEN'S COLLECTION: Wolf and Fox Hunt—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Conversion of St. Bavon; Rape of the Sabines; 'Chapeau de Paille'; Autumn Landscape; Judgment of Paris—LONDON, WHITEHALL: Apotheosis of James I.—LONDON, GROSVENOR HOUSE: Abraham and Melchizedek; Israelites in the Wilderness; Evangelists—LONDON, BUCKINGHAM PALACE: St. George; The Farm—OSTERLEY PARK, EARL OF JERSEY'S COLLECTION: Apotheosis of Buckingham—WARWICK CASTLE: Portrait of the Earl of Arundel—WINDSOR CASTLE: Portraits of Rubens and Isabella Brant; Winter Scene—FRANCE. BORDEAUX MUSEUM: Martyrdom of St. Just—GRENOBLE MUSEUM: St. Gregory with Other Saints—LILLE MUSEUM: Descent from the Cross; Death of Mary Magdalene—LILLE, CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE: Martyrdom of St. Catherine—LILLE, CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE: Adoration of the Shepherds—NANCY MUSEUM: Transfiguration—PARIS, LOUVRE: Lot's Flight; Adoration of the Magi; Crucifixion; Thomyris and Cyrus; Kermesse; Portrait of

Helena Fourment; A Tournament; Life of Marie de Médicis, a Series of Twenty-one Paintings, including the Coronation of Marie de Médicis (Plate viii); Landscapes — PARIS, BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: Portrait of Helena Fourment; Rubens, Helena Fourment, and their Child — PARIS, BARON EDMOND DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: Plenty; Portraits of Clara Fourment and her Husband — PARIS, KANN COLLECTION: The Boar of Calydon; Sketch for Martyrdom of St. Liévin — VALENCIENNES MUSEUM: St. Stephen — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Raising of Lazarus; St. Sebastian; St. Cecilia; Neptune and Amphitrite; Perseus and Andromeda; Diana Hunting; Child of Rubens — CASSEL GALLERY: Flight into Egypt; Hero Crowned by Victory; Jupiter and Calisto; Diana Hunting; Virgin and Saints — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: St. Jerome; Drunken Hercules; Boar Hunt; Old Woman with Brazier; Several Portraits — MUNICH GALLERY: Battle of the Amazons; Castor and Pollux and the Daughters of Leucippus (Plate vii); Diana Sleeping; Faun and Satyr; Procession of Silenus; Fall of the Rebel Angels; Fall of the Damned; Two Pictures of the Last Judgment; Samson and Delilah; Defeat of Sennacherib; Susanna and the Elders; Christ and Repentant Sinners; Massacre of the Innocents; St. Christopher and the Hermit; The Dying Seneca; Children with Garland of Fruit (Plate vi); Rubens and Isabella Brant; Walk in the Garden; Four Portraits of Helena Fourment; Portrait of a Scholar; Portrait of Doctor van Thulden; A Lion Hunt (Plate x); The Rainbow; Cows in a Landscape; Sketches for the Médicis Pictures — HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, RYKS MUSEUM: Portrait of Helena Fourment — THE HAGUE, GALLERY: Adam and Eve; Michael Ophovius — ITALY. FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Holy Family with the Cradle; St. Francis; The Horrors of War; The Philosophers; Return from the Fields — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Venus and Adonis; Portrait of Isabella Brant; Two Portraits of Rubens; Battle of Ivry; Entry of Henry IV. into Paris — GENOA, ROSSO PALACE: Love and Wine — GENOA, CHURCH OF ST. AMBROGIO: Miracles of St. Ignatius Loyola; Circumcision — MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: Last Supper — ROME, CAPITOLINE GALLERY: Romulus and Remus — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Herod's Banquet; Christ in the House of Simon; Descent from the Cross; Virgin and Child; Perseus and Andromeda; Venus and Adonis; Bacchanal; Bacchus; Portrait of Helena Fourment (Plate v); Portrait of Longueval; Sketches for Triumphal Entry of Archduke Ferdinand into Antwerp — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Adoration of the Magi; Repose in Egypt; Twelve Apostles; Sketches for the Triumph of the Eucharist; Diana and Calisto; Three Graces; Nymphs with Cornucopia; Garden of Love; Rudolph of Hapsburg and the Priest; Dance of Villagers; Nymphs and Satyrs; Judgment of Paris; Portrait of Marie de Médicis — SWEDEN. STOCKHOLM MUSEUM: Susanna and the Elders; Three Graces — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, ART MUSEUM: Portrait of Isabella Brant; Marriage of St. Catherine — CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: Portrait of Spinola — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Return from Egypt; Susanna and the Elders; Portrait of a Man; Pyramus and Thisbe.

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